THE CHANGE WAS EFFECTIVE. Tells of a New and Fetching



OUR beard is very barber, possing his across the cheek of the condemned

The victim gasped, but was stient there was an air of originality about did not easily

"You usually shave yourseif, do you not?" asked the Meadsman, raising his face and breathing high above the doomed one's head. The unhappy man, bewildered by a new order of things which passed finite compre-

hension, confessed his guilt.
"I thought so," said the Inquisitor, "because your face is so smooth, so free from scratches, and your mustache is so evenly trimmed. A man always knows bet ter himself than any one else the style of beard most becoming to him. Your hair has been trimmed most tastefully," he added, "but, of course," with a little laugh-"you did not do that yourself!

The Martyr mouned feebly, and confessed that his hair was last cut in a little country barber shop down in Binejeans county.

"Yes," said the Executioner, "some of the best artists in our business are in the country shops. A man learns his trade thoroughly in the city, and then sensibly goes into business where an custom is cash, rents low, expenses light; he can do just as tine work and make more money. I think of going into the country myself in a few years. Your scalp is very clean and bealthy, sir."

The Sufferer, recovering himself by a vio-lent effort, besongut the Headsman to give him a sea foam shampoo and put a little tonic

Your head really does not need shampoo ing," said the barber, for it was indeed be, "and the tonic I do not keep. These so called tonics and hair renewers are the worst thing in the world for the hair. Clear water is a better dressing than patent renewers, and you can take better care of your scalp your self than any barber can do for your than any barber can do for you, if



"YES." SAID THE EXECUTIONER. He paused and bent to look into the ngely quiet face of the man in the chair.

Like a katydid singing a mandolin's ring-ing just two doors above with its "zum-zumrum;" and out in the street half a dozen boys beat on the head of a cask for a big basedrum.

In the room just below, at the big piano, a maiden is playing the tra-la-la-loo; and the sir! children upstairs, in tries and pairs, are practicing songs that are noisy and new. And over it all, through kitchen and hall, too bass for a shrick and too shrill for a squall, like a calliops yowling, our Bridget is howling the one line she's mastered of "Lanigan's Ball." Oh Phebus Apollo! they warble and hollon. they shrick up to Izzard and growl down to A; they start in the morning without any warning and their second wind comes at the close of the day. Why, the very deaf mute makes a noise with a flute, and a blind man sessaws on a loud violin; and people born domb still can tinkle and strum on things that are rattling and noisy as sin. So their music and songs go it hammer and tongs, old nen and maidens and old men and boys; and I'm mad with delight from morning to night-I was born in a mill and am fond of a noise. - Brooklyn Eagle.

alling the Lord's Work. A devout and placed faced Quaker lady was talking in the cars to a brilliantly hands young woman, whose manner was in the sharpest possible contrast to the serenity of the elder lady. The conversation was carried on in tones waxing continually higher, so that overhearing the elder say, in a voice raised, but still calm: Thee must remember, my dear, that he is sus column for days, still thy husband and that the Lord made Humorist-Fil try

"Perhaps the Lord made him," the young

woman retorted with instant and malicious readiness, "but the devil must have got hold of the mold before it was cold! The man has his finger marks all over!"-Providence

An Apt Student. Omaha Medical Student-Shotgun dose!

Old Doctor-In the old days when science had made little progress what was called the "Nonsense: shotgun dose was very popular. Some young \$4,000 apiece.

A mixture of all sorts of remedies, so if one von't catch hold the other may." "I see. Something like a political platform."-Omaha World.

A Fatal Omission.

Editor in Chief of New York Daily to Managing Editor—Sir, consider yourself dis-charged for neglecting the most vital interests of this paper.

Managing Editor-Why, what's the mat-

Editor in Chief-You have neclected to insert the usual notice that Jake Sharp passed a sleepless night, and that omission has ruined tus as a great metropolitan daily.—

Texas Siftings. TOLD BY OSCAR WILDE.

The Disadvantages of Neighboring Houses

Being Alike. He told two stories recently illustrative of the disadvantages of the houses in a block think I am." being too much alika. A man was asked to dinner, and he went to the house next door to the one where he had been hidden. His "Bill is wrong." name was announced, and his host stepped rival. I never yet had the gall to say I couldn't tell a lie."—Merchant Traveler. est knew the wife and not the hu-band. I am so very sorry," said the host, "that my wife is too ill to come down stairs. But we ist get on as well as we can without her." Still thinking he was in the right place, the guest stayed on, took a pretty girl in to dinafterward he met the lady who was to have ent sort of person. Tommy Waffles may tell us why Gen. Washington died comparatively reproaches for spoiling the symmetry of her poor. er table, and it came out that he had in-

advertently dired next door. The other tale was of a curious looking old before him.-New York Sun. couple who went to an evening party. They knew no one and seemed desperately out of place. When the last guests were gone the bushand said to the wife: "Queer old codgers, have charge always express much sympathose two old friends of yours." "Of mine!
Why, they were your friends, surely. I
never saw them before." "Well, I am sure I
never did!" and inquiry elicited the fact that there was a servants' ball next door and that many of these feeble and broken down the old couple had meant to go there, and had charges upon the city have healthy and

the old couple had meant to go there, and had been as uncomfortable as possible in not finding any of their acquaintances.

When Mr. Wilde told these stories they sounded true, but now I've written them as wasted.—Poorhouse Supt. in Globedown I really don't think they do. However. Democrat.

"I tell the thir as I heard it told; and also I'll tell you another one, widely current in London, that a certain duchess invited one of the cowboys of the American exhibition to dine, and he arrived at the appointed time with his wife and baby. He said there was no one to leave the baby with, so he had to bring him. The baby was confided to the ducal nursery and the dinner was served. It's the fashion to tell this story, so you may as well believe it.-Mrs. Moulton in Boston Herald.

The sun had set and it was evening, when

they sloud beneath the grape artor. somewhat remarkable fact that evenings and sunsets and grape artist meetings should oc-cur with such unvarying simultaneousness. "Algernon," she whispered, and a piece of chewing gum turned the whisper into a sibilant sizzle, "you are here on schedule time."

In the street of the whisper into a sibilant sizzle, "you are here on schedule time."

In the street of the whispered of the whisper into a sibilant sizzle, "you are here on schedule time."

In the street of the whispered of the whisper into a sibilant sizzle, "you are here on schedule time." "You bet," he murmured in reply. "But whom-there are no-Files have been spending

hark, I hear a footstep." She harked as requested, and suddenly grasping his wrist, she said in a terrified whisper, "It is father. Fly! fly!" Gertrude, I have a bunion and I knownlas! too well-that were I to attempt to fly I would make a fizzle of it. I must stand my

The old man strode into the grape arbor straight to where Algernon stood. is it! Well, how are you! Giad to see you.

How's your folks?"

you and Gertie take my advice you'll go-right up into the parlor. You're likely to catch your death of cold out here." The young man fell to the ground motion- loom, dried apples less. He wrote funny sketches for the newspapers, -Merchant Traveler.

Office Boys' Dislect.

student of language seems to neglect the office boy's dialect. So long as this neg-lect continues we shall never know the de-bers of the family of Wampo-the-Wailer-thatrivation of the strange words and phrases employed by the youth neglecting duties be is casion, lead to the altar Mrs. Wampe-the-hired to perform. Thus the merchant to the Wailer, etc., her two daughters and the hired

"Tommy, my inkstand is almost empty. Fill it as soon as you can."

smink ritoff. Merchant-Tommy, send this letter up in will be invited if they will leave their adthe box to Mr. Scrivner, and see that be takes

Office boy puts the missive in the box and gives his thumb to the bell button. Mr. Strivner (with the voice of a Ute was removed on Wednesday. So far, this is chief)—Well, what's the matter down there! the largest tumor that is a been brought in Office Boy (calmly)-Piup box. The box is pulled up.-Boston Transcript.

Characteristics of Mrs. Jones. On the hotel plazza-"What do you think of Mrs. Jones!

But then she is so egotistical." "Yes: I was asking her something or other about the Brookses, and she said that she never troubled herself about anybody's busi-

ness but her own. Don't you call that ego-"Really, you shouldn't be so severe. It Transcript.

What Will Be the Respit? Customer (to tailor) - Do you make the new

style of dress coat, designed to distinguish a gentleman from a waiter! Tailor-Yes, sir Customer-I believe you may take my

Tailor (taking his measure)-Where may I have the pleasure of sending the coat, sir! -The Hoffman Tailor - You are a guest there, I suppose

Customer-No, I'm one of the waiters.

A Serious Question. Mother-My daughter, if the bad boys try to firt with you, have nothing to do with Daughter-How about the good boys!-

What Did He Mean?



sir! We haven't had anything for a bu Humorist-I'll try to grind something out

Editor-That's right. We have stateen funerals in our news columns, a bank cashier three aldermen and a broker among the We must have an appropriate issue for a

aspensive Lers. ≈ Smith-Did you ever hear of a man

having a pair of legs worth \$40,000 apiece! alcGinns—I never did.

"Well, a man in Chicago named Pete Jenkins has got legs quoted at that figure."

Well, read the paper for yourself." McGinnis took the paper and read: "The furniture warehouse of Wilson & Jones was burned to the ground last night. An iro safe was overturned on the porter, breaking his lega. Loss, \$80,000."—Texas Siftings.

In the Ranks.

A friend told me that he once overheard of the old state militia:

report you for disrespect to your superior.

Private—(sturdily)—Report and be hanged.

ago of pulling two and filling your father."—Texas Siftings. When we get home I'll discharge you the first and second speaker bore to each other in civil life the relation of en

ploye and employer.-North American Re-His Only Rival.

"Charley, do you know that you're gene ally considered the greatest liar on the road? said one traveling man to another. "Well, I don't want to seem boastful, but I

"Bill Jenkins says you're the greatest liar "Bill is wrong. I have one great historic

A Precocious Little Boy.

"Yes, dear children," said the School teacher, "Gen. Washington died a comparaner, and had a charming evening. Two days amassed great wealth if he had been a differ

> "Because he couldn't tell lies," responded Tommy, who has a bright busin

In the City Poorhouse. Visitors to the institution of which I

hand a glittering disk, which, sparkling for a moment as it passed through a sunbeam, buried itself in the obscurity of the rich Turk-ish carpet. With a wild shriek, a heart piercing cry, Guy Beauclerk threw himse'f upon the floor and growled like a groveler from Groveltown. In an instant his wife, White River will be unusually gay the beautiful Lady Constance Beauclerk, was at his side. She whom even the presence of royalty itself could not bend now bowed in continuous

her husband. have you lost your reason?

"No," he mouned faintly, "I have lost my hatred. Red Horse, coliar button."- Boston Transcript,

"You bet I am." call her mother f"

for the winter, beautifully bronzed by the elements, and report one of the most exhil-arating outbreaks they ever were to "Does she mount guard with a rolling pin?" A select scalp dance and rum sociable will "What does she do then?"

middle of the present moon, after which there will be a presentation speech and resolutions of respect tendered to the board of "Ha!" he said. "So it's you, young man, outbreaks and the sub-committee on hestility The following will be the menu: Reserva tion soup, strengthened with rain water "They're weil," gasped Algernon.
"That's good. Weil, I'll leave you; but if railroad frogs' legs, sage ben a la Colorow, jerked jack rabbits, roasting ears a la mas sacre, hot house clams, rattlesnakes' tongues

the summer at their delightful hostile bome

near White River. They have just returned

THE WHITE RIVER SEASON.

ing Summer Gossip.

this winter.

indigestion, mirth

tro, will play and

one

a la fire water, prickly pears, fruit of the loom, dried apples and whisky. Dancing will be kept up till a late hour The approaching nuptials of Fly-by-Night, a partial widower of Snippeta, daughter of Wine-Un the Ground with His Enemies will be the occasion of quite a tout ensemble and bers of the family of Wampo the Wailer-that-Wakes-Up-in-the-Night. He will, on this occasion, lead to the altar Mrs. Wampo-the girl. The wedding will take place at the res idence of the bride. Invitations are already out, and parties who have yet not received Office Boy to Bookkeeper - Boss wants any, but who would like to be present and swap a tin napkin ring for a square meal,

dresses with the groom. Crash-of-the-Tempest, a prominent man of the tribe, laid a large tumor on our table last week, weighing four pounds, from which he this summer to apply on subscription.

Our genial townsman. William H. Colorow, is home again after a prolonged hunting and camping trip, during which he was attacked and cordially shot at by a group of gentlemen who came to serve a writ of replevin on Col. Colorow does not know exactly what the writ of replevin is for, unless it be for the purpose of accumulating mileage for the sheriff. Few were killed during the engagement except a small papoose belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Roll-on-Silver-Moon, who returned last evening with the remains of their child. A late copy of a New York paper alludes to this as "a furious engageest after which the Indians carried off ad according to their custom." and Mrs. Roll on Silver-Moon were warned



AN INDIAN DUDE.

an extended camping trip, but they seemed to think that it would be perfectly safe, as the child was only seven weeks old and could not have incurred the hostility of the war department. The little one now lies at the wigwam of its afflicted parents on Cavyo street, and certainly does not look as though it could have stood out so long against the sheriff and his posse. Mrs. Roll on Silver-Moon has a painful bullet wound in the shoulder, but feels so grieved about the loss of Little Cholera Infantum that she does not make much fuss over her injury. The funeral of the little one will take place this ng from its late residence, and friends of the parents are cordially invited to come and participate. Wailing will begin promptly at

What Truthful Bill Died Of. An El Paso, Tex., man being in San Antonio, was asked by a gentleman how Bill Hart was coming on in El Paso. "He went by the name of Truthful Bill, didn't be?"

"Well, he is not coming on at all. He was buried the day before I left El Paso."

"What caused his death?"
"His death was caused by imprudence." "Perhaps Truthful Bill drank too much."

"Was he imprudent in changing his "No, it wasn't that. He was imprudent in telling the truth. He patronized by the clite of the town, and said that the whole crowd present were liars and horse thieves. The verdict of the coroner's jury was that he died of lead poisoning."-

Texas Siftings. Not Strangers to Each Other. At a somewhat mixed ball given at a sea side resort a gentleman who was a dentist asked a lady to dance without the honor of a

previous introduction. He said in explanation of the oversight: "My dear miss, you will not regard me in

the light of a stranger when I assure you Officer thalf jokingly - I guess I'll have to eport you for disrespect to your superior.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

A Convis Center, Mich., farmer says it is so warm out his way that the horns of the cattle had shrunk, allowing the brass knobs to fall off.-Exchange.

An oculist's advertisement: "The artificial eyes furnished by this house are noted for the gentleness of their expression."—Judge. Building in Boston is very much behind In the middle of the busiest day a Boston bricklayer will throw aside his plumb robert to discuss with his fellow craftsmet the totality of the regressive synthesis. -Ex

change.

One of the most fickle husbands on record s the one who had his first wife cremated affectionately placing her ashes in an urn. One day, seeing his second wife approaching, he rushed for the urn and threw the ashes of wife No. 1 on the slippery stoop so that wife No. 2 would not break her neck.—Epoch. "Yes," said a hard hearted cynic, "wome

are certainly sympathetic creatures. They sympathize with a man in his poverty and distress, and are always doing their best to keep him there, so they can do more sympa thizing."—Washington Critic. It is a sweet, revengeful thought that when waiters sit down to eat they have to be waited

on by some of the other waiters.-Washington Critic.

Traveler. A Terrible Affliction.

loving solicitude over the prostrate form of "Speak to me, Guy," she cried. "Guy,

He Couldn't Stand That "Hello, it's 11 o'clock!" remarked a traveling man as he set down the glass; guess l'il

"What's the matter? Afraid of your "What does she do when you're out late,

Her mother don't live at our

-Well, gentlemen, she just kicks a little and then she up and cries. Good night; I'm

A Growing Child. Conductor-Madam, did I understand you say this girl is not yet 12 years old! Mother-She will be 12 next spring. "And you want to go all the way to New

in a burry."-Merchant Traveler.

"Then you should not go on this train." Why not? "Because this is a slow train, and if that girl keeps on growing as she has been, by the time we get to New York she will be so large car door. The company can't afford to take the car to pieces on a half fare ticket,"-

The Drummer's Only Hope. "And is this to be the end?" said the deeply namored traveling man to the beautiful young lady who kept the books for one of his customers in the little inland town. "It is, Mr. McThompson," she replied; "I

can never be anything to you but a friend." "I ben," said the drummer, with tremulous voice and a face of ashy paleness, "it only remains for me to say farewell. I shall be here again," he said, consulting his memorandum book with rapidly recovering self possession, "in thirty days with a full line of samples in millinery and dress goods. Save me your orders, please. Good afternoon."-Chicago

Not So Bad After All.

Old Mr. Anjerry, the father of Tom Anjerry, was in Austin last week. Tom is a him out de do at de naixt station. Tom," said the old man, "you got a regis-

teral letter from me last week containing Yes, I got it." "That's where you are off. I've got the

envelope in my desk right now."-Texas Little 5 year-old Edna is bearding with her mother in a country home where "Old Probabilities" is more respected than in her own home, and upon the arrival of the mail the

farmer host walks into the house and asks daily of Edna's mother: "What is the weather going to ber" The appointed column is turned to and the probabilities read. Little Edna looked up in strange be wilderment for two or three mornings, and "Mamma, does God make th



not blue: it is red." Client-Do you always lock your office Lawyer-Always. I want to be sure that no blank scoundrel rummages among my

papers until I return.-Texas Siftings. BITS OF FOREIGN HUMOR.

canslations from the French by The San Francisco Wasp. GENERAL PROMOTION.

Husband-My wife, have you told our people that I have today risen to be a privy Wife (to maid serving tea) - Yes, Lizette, after today I am not to be addressed at 'madam," but as "gracious lady."

Airy Waiting Maid-I will just go and tell he cook she is to call me "miss" after this, and allow no familiarities from the house LOVE VERSUS DIAMONDS. Her Adorer-My dear Miss Atmie, if you eve me let me take the money for the dia-

nends I promised you and use it to relieve sufferers by the inundation. Miss Annie-Don't impose upon me, sir. It is better for you to buy me the diamonds and love the sufferers. DEATH BY INSTALLMENTS.

First Officer-I have so many debts that nothing remains for me but to marry or to shoot myself. Washington Critic. Second Officer-Well, then, marry! You

can shoot yourself later, too. CLOUD WITH SILVER LINING. "Waiter! such a little bit of sausage for ten cents, and it smells, too!"

"Well, now, if it was bigger it would smell worse!" "I understand you are going to have a big agricultural fair up your way. "Yes; or rather we did intend having one,

but we've been disappointed." "Disappointed! In what way?" "Why, you see we got the race course all delphia butter makers, who claim that laid out, and the baseball field fixed up nice such milk will make 100 pounds of pork and handy, and everything was getting on splendally, when we found that we had no

room for go as you please pedestrian races.
"You don't say so!" "Yes; and that isn't the worst of it. There's a lot of old fossils who want to exhibit cattle, vegetables and all that sort or stuff "-Boston Transcript.

The earth with scarred face is the symbol of the past; the air and heaven of futurity.-Coleridge. A Complexionist.

One of the newest occupations upon which women can enter is that of the "complexionist." Such a person makes a study of the skin, and for a stipend endeavors to improve customers' complexions. Here is a prescription that one of It would seem natural for a carpenter to them gave a client, promising that it would walk with a lumbering gait. — Merchant clear the skin in a short time: A tablespoonful of suiphur taken every morning for a week, then omitted for three mornings, and taken again. A mixture of powdered Guy Beauclerk stood before the mirror in bringstone or diluted glycerine should be the great ivory bedroom of Chin castie, plac-ing upon his manly form the garments be off in the trorning with soap and water was that day to wear in the presence of his in which there is a little ammonia.—ChiObadiah Oliver James Jackson Claims

. M vo' de boss 'roun morning.

hyarf asked a colored man in e white plug hat of sauntered up to the "For the time be

ing, yes," was the response. "What

can I do for your "Dis am a wickit sort ob a town, sah," observed the visitor a he put down his value and umbreila.

"Only average, my friend," returned the "I read consid'able in de papers 'bout dem yeh bunko men robbin' an' stealin' frum ountry tolks what cams in fo' to buy truck in de town," was the non-committal state ment that was used as a reply. The lieuten ant bristled up, seeing a case in view, and in-

quired: "How much did you lose!" "Befo' I lef' bone up in Popcornville de ole 'ooman says: 'Obadiah, yo' keep yo' eye skinned fur dem bunkoers, an' fo' God if you 'low dem to skin yo' I'll smock yo' brack mout full of blistahs," " continued th gentleman as he wiped the band of his bat. "Yes; why didn't you follow her instruc-tions?" observed the heutenant, as he assisted

a burn out and up the steps. "Comin' down on de train I runs across white gemmen dat looks like he am de bos ob de railroad."

"Wore diamonds, I suppose." "Bigges' I eber seed, sah! "All right, go ahead and tell us how you were skinned. "He done sat erlongside ob me an' sorte

marked dat de weider wah wahm.

"Old style " said the lientenant

"After we'd done chatted bout de craps an de 'icction he done said: 'I learned mighty cuyus game out to de fair groun's "Chestnut," murniared the officer

"Says be, 'Ef yo' hain't got no objeckshur I'll show yo' how the snap wucks." "Says, 'Go 'bead wid yo' game.' Den be

hauls out three kyards—de jack o' spades, de ace of hawts en de queen o' clubs. Den he fling 'em 'roun' keerless like and say:
"'Pick out de jack.' An' I picks hit up. Den he says, 'I bet yo' kan't do hit no mo.

"And you bet him?" answered the officer.
"Cose I did, an' fuddermo' I put hup de stuff, five col' dollahs," was the resp "And you lost it?"
"No, sah. I picked out de jack de fust time an' grabbed de stuff. Mr. Sly Kyard man he want to bet agin, but I up an' busted

student at the university of Texas, and "Well" gasped the dumfounded flouten-spends a great deal of money in frivolity and ant. "if you weren't robbed why did you

"In de fust place I jes' want yo' to keep yo' eye open fo' a sleek man wid big dimuns, an seckintly, tell dem newspaper writahs to state dat Obadiah Oliver James Jackson, a distinguished cullud citizen of Popcornville, an wisitin in de city fo de purpose of makin' social calls, an dat he hab made quite a hit in de bunko business. Jes' tell 'em I'm de



"PICK OUT DE JACK." And picking up his valise and umbrella be hailed a Central avenue car and rode away the front platform.-Cincinnati Tir

Science Knocked Out. Railroad Engineer-You say I am color blind because I call that red zephyr blue, do

Great Scientist-Yes sir, you are color "I say that zephyr is blue and you may it's red; now how do you know it isn't blue?" "Any one with good sight can see that it is

"Did your wife ever send you to the store to match zephyr? "Did you ever succeed, Mr. Scientist! Tell

"There now!"-Omaha World. He Wanted Matters Understood

"Say, mister," said an excited man, on h to hurry up and arrest a young feller by ne of John Simpkins. ·What forf "He ran off with my daughter and a stole

cruple of my horses to run off with."

"Certainly; we will do our best. A man that runs off with a girl ought to be punished with great severity. "Yes, but say, mister, I don't want ye to git this thing wrong; it's the horses I want him arrested for."—Washington Critic.

Boarding in the Country. "Where did you go this summer?" asked one business man of another.

"We boarded in the country. "Expensive!" And all we paid was \$10 a week apiece.

He Probably Recovered It.

Mrs. Bullion-What was the difficulty, Harold, between you and Mr. Balderstone I declare I thought he was going to strike you at one time.
Mr. Bullion (lightly)—Nothing serious, my dear. We were discussing free trade and Balderstone completely lost his temper. Mrs. Bullion (thankfully)—Lost his tem-per! How happy his poor wife will be now.

Breeding Buffaloes for Market.

-Philadelphia Call.

Buffalo meat, which was once a drug on the market, and cheaper than beef by more than half, is now, on account of its scarcity, esteemed a luxury by a class GRAND OPERA HOUSE. TELEPHONE 276. of people who believe that anything that is expensive and hard to get must be good. Time was when a western game dealer was glad to get 4 cents a pound for buffalo beef. Now he could get 25 cents a pound. To meet the demand, we learn that a party in Kansas, and another in Dakota, have gone into the business of breeding buffaloes for the market, and expect to put some two-year-old heifers on sale next spring. It is strange how people will long for the hard to get. For instance, in St. Louis no one thinks of eating wild pigeons, and there are scarcely any put on sale, because New York and Boston take all that can be shipped, even should the amount sum up to 5,000 barrels in a single season.-New York Mar-

Dueling among women is becoming fash-

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the sympathy and relief that

you positively require. Nervous Debility.

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"Not very. We got a good deal for our money. My wife got the malaria and I got the rheuma ism. My boy Jimmy got his leg broke and little Mamie got poisoned with fvy.

You are always sure to get value received for your money. Big blow and high prices is not our motto.

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